

The  
CHEDLEIAN



Kate Ireland (2)

# The Magazine of

THE MOSELEY HALL GRAMMAR  
SCHOOL, CHEADLE, CHESHIRE

Vol. 11, No. 1

Trinity Term, 1950

## Foreword

FOR the older pupils this is an important term. The School is entering its first candidates for the School Certificate Examination. In a way they are seeing the end of an old institution, for they will be the only pupils at this school to come under the regulations which award certificates only to those who gain a certain number of passes and credits in certain subjects arranged in groups. Next year the certificate will be available for all those who pass in one subject, though the change will not be very apparent as the curriculum will be generally the same, though somewhat altered in content.

We have, by experience and example, to create a tradition of solid, continuous work. The present Fifth Formers may feel at times that they lack guidance from those who have taken the certificate hurdle before them. Their responsibility is that their performance this year will serve as a standard for future entrants. We hope that they will do extraordinarily well.

There have been few great changes in the last two terms. Tennis has come to stay, and the first of the three new practical rooms is now available for carpentry. The most interesting experiment, which I hope will be a success, is that of counting black marks against House points for the Cockhouse Trophy, instead of counting them for detention.

In September the school will have its Sixth Form, which to me, personally, represents the crown of Grammar School education. We hope that the first Sixth Form in the school history will act honourably and work studiously, thus setting a high standard for their successors.

W. B. S.

## Editorial

All of us would like "The Chedleian" to be an excellent magazine. We would like it to become one of the many growing traditions of Moseley Hall. We should enjoy preserving its copies bound—on our own shelves and on the shelves of the Library. But we can only select the best articles, stories, and poems if we have a wealth of material to choose from. The more people who contribute, the higher the standard will be.

Magazine representatives recently asked their forms if they wanted a school magazine and if they were prepared to contribute to it. The results were startling and illuminating.

25% replied "Yes" and "Yes."

50% replied "Yes" and "No."

25% "Didn't care."

Ignoring the last group, whose taste is not worth considering, this appeal is directed to the middle one. If you are "afraid of having your work rejected," remember this is a necessary sacrifice to achieve a really good magazine. Can't we make "The Chedleian" into an original journal—a record of school events and artistic achievement? Criticism of this issue—its material and its arrangement—will be welcomed. Write down your impressions and give them to your representatives.

I should like to thank the Headmaster for his kind help in the production of the magazine and Miss Greenough for her criticism of illustrations submitted, and the representatives for their sincerity of opinion and hard work.

J. K.

## HOUSE PREFECTS

Hilary Term, 1950

### Moseley

Senior: Thompson.  
Junior: Roberts.  
Senior: Lowarch.  
Junior: Hemsall.

### Bulkeley

Senior: Broadhurst.  
Junior: Ray.  
Senior: Boswell.  
Junior: Rowlands.

### Hulme

Senior: Taylor.  
Junior: Simmons.  
Senior: Dunne.  
Junior: Wright, K.

### Etchells

Senior: Percival.  
Junior: Ewing.  
Senior: Walker.  
Junior: Odd, E.

## VALETE

This term we shall be losing Miss Lawrie, Mr. Hopkinson, and Mr. Porter. We send them our best wishes in their future work.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### FOOTBALL 1949-50

The season, as judged by results, was not really a successful one. The senior teams generally held their own with other schools, but this was not the case with the juniors. Much has yet to be learned concerning positional play and attack. We trust that experience and practice will result in a big all-round effort, and that next season will bring many deserved victories.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY

### Michaelmas and Hilary Terms

Although there have been very few matches there has been plenty of enthusiasm, and we have had regular practices each week.

From these practices the nucleus of the 1st XI was chosen by Miss Lawrie, to whom we are very grateful for coaching us during the absence of a P.T. mistress.

The results of the House matches, played at the end of term, were as follows:—

Bulkeley v. Moseley, 0—1.	Moseley v. Hulme, 4—2.
Bulkeley v. Hulme, 1—1.	Moseley v. Etchells, 4—3.
Bulkeley v. Etchells, 0—1.	Hulme v. Etchells, 1—2.

## RESULT OF SCHOOL MATCHES

Macclesfield Gram., away, lost 2—4.

Fairfield High, away, lost 1—5.

Whalley Range, away, drew 1—1.

Woodslane Second, away, lost 2—8.

Macclesfield Gram., home, won 3—1.

Broadway Second, home, won 4—0.

One of the main features of the season was the School v. Staff hockey match, in which we beat the staff for the first time in the school's history.

J. BOSWELL, Hockey Captain.

## MOSELEY HALL Versus BROADWAY

On February 7th the under 15 netball team played a match against Broadway Secondary Modern School. The weather was favourable and at 4-15 the start of the match, the sun had come out.

Moseley Hall started well, and after the first five minutes we were winning by 2 goals to 0. But Broadway equalised in the next five minutes with two fast goals, due to the alertness of the centre players.

At half-time, Broadway were winning by three goals. Whether they became over-confident, or whether Moseley Hall took fresh courage, I do not know, but the score soon rose to 7-all. Excitement ran high, and there were many "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from the spectators when the Broadway shooter missed a goal by barely an inch, but scored the second time. Five minutes before the end of the match Broadway scored again, and our hopes fell. But they rose again after a brilliant centre pass, and the equalising goal, the last of the match, was scored three minutes before time. The match ended in a draw—9-all.

We would like to thank Broadway for this interesting match and to congratulate them on the strong support given by members of their school.

SHIRLEY MASSEY, Lower Va.

## SCHOOL SPORTS DAY

We were very fortunate to be favoured by the weather, and events ran smoothly.

Perhaps the most exciting events were the boys' and girls' inter-school relay races, in which the girls, after a wonderful fight, came first, and the boys came a good third.

House competition was extremely keen, and in each event the grit and determination of the competitors to gain points for their houses came to the fore. After a very close struggle, Moseley came top with 71 points, followed by Hulme with 70, Bulkeley with 67, and Etchells with 62 points.

U 14 SOCCER XI



HEVITT



SLACK



EVANS



HARLETT



FOX



MELLOR

CARDENER



BARDSLEY: CAPTAIN



WINTERBOTTOM



BELL

GRANTHAM



D. Evans D.D.

I. Josiffe and D. Slack won the senior and junior boys' cups, and M. Clegg and F. Lawton the girls' cups.

The events were ended by the traditional obstacle races, for which Mr. Owen had a good supply of tricks up his sleeve as usual.

These events were of great amusement to the spectators and good fun to the competitors.

The Headmaster ended the afternoon by announcing the cup winners.

J. BOSWELL.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

We have been holding regular meetings each Thursday evening, during which we have learned to take and develop photographs successfully. We are going to add to our knowledge by installing an enlarger, and Mr. Clews has promised to let us try our hand at tinting. A competition, which is open to all members, has been arranged for the end of term.

IRENE DUNNE.

### ART SOCIETY

This term enthusiastic members have been meeting weekly to carry out their various handiworks.

The younger members of the society have been successfully experimenting with paints.

Older members have been making articles of perspex, leather, and modelling clay, which are very acceptable as presents.

Some tweed is being woven on the large loom, and progress is being watched with considerable interest by our members.

We are now starting our sketch parties to neighbouring beauty spots with great zest.

One of our members gained a prize in the art competition organised by Cheadle Hulme High School in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

J. BOSWELL.

### THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The attendance and enthusiasm of the members this term has been very gratifying. The ground we have covered since our last account has been divided into two parts, namely:

1. "The Relationship between God and Man."
2. "The Relationship between Man and his Fellow-men."

Under the first heading, the questions discussed were:—

1. Does God exist?
2. Is He a God of love?
3. The Trinity.
4. Free Will.
5. Prayer.

We all feel that these discussions have greatly helped to clarify our ideas on these subjects.

Under the second heading, the questions discussed were:—

1. Goodwill towards men.
2. Forgiveness.

In studying forgiveness, we have realised how very far-reaching is the effect of its full understanding and its application.

We greatly appreciate the kindness of Mr. Burbridge, who showed the Fifth Form two films, which were "God of Creation" and "God of the Atom."

He afterwards came to the Theological Society and answered our questions on the films.

In the near future we hope to attend some lectures for Fifth and Sixth Forms in Manchester.

J. BOSWELL.

### THE HYPOCRITES

The society was formed at the beginning of last term by Mrs. Keadale. The senior society is composed of about 25 keen boys and girls from the three upper forms. We meet once a fortnight to read and act plays.

At the first meeting, in October, we elected the officers of the society and approved a suggestion of a termly subscription of 6d. The money is used for borrowing books from the British Drama League, which we have joined.

We practised voice expression quite soon after our formation, as this is an important factor in dramatic work. Classical instances were taken to practice and the results were very promising. We read "Who is Sylvia?" from the "Two Gentlemen from Verona," by Shakespeare; also among the other various readings which were circulated were a part from "King Lear" and the dagger scene from "Macbeth".

Movement on the stage was the next essential in acting to which we turned our attentions. We acted a mime, "The Pest," a most laughable scene of the old-fashioned theatre. Keeping silent for quite a long time in this mime was also a test in itself.

Recently we began to read various scenes from plays of Shakespeare—"Macbeth" and "The Tempest." The juniors have been reading "The Princess and the Enchanter."

The majority of the society are girls, and we hope in future to have a few more boys. The enthusiasm shown by every member of the "Hypocrites" is very pleasing, and we hope that the society will flourish and produce plays worthy of the school.

A. S. BROADHURST.



## MUSIC

Our annual Carol Service was held on two successive nights last year. It was on December 21st at the Parish Church of St. Mary, Cheadle, and on the following night at St. Michael and All Angels, Bramhall. The school orchestra, consisting of violinists and recorder players, helped to swell the accompaniment for the congregational hymns. Mr. Jones was the organist and choirmaster; Margaret Hallworth was the soloist. The nine lessons were read by scholars, teachers, a governor, and a parent.

The large attendance at both churches showed the popularity of our Carol Service.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Sugden, with his recorders and clarinet. He is a great help to the recorder section of the orchestra. Miss Redfern also assists by accompanying at Morning Prayers. The choir has been increased by new members from the First Forms.

A party of scholars from the Second Forms was taken to a Hallé Concert by Mr. Jones in January.

WENDY I. WILLIAMS, IVa.

### 5th CHEADLE GIRL GUIDE COMPANY

Last November the School Girl Guides and Boy Scouts had a joint Bring and Buy Sale. Every Guide and Scout was busy and produced an article.

In the evening a camp fire was held, and we all wore Red Indian outfits. The money was divided between the Guides and Scouts, the total being approximately £64.

This term the Company has been working hard in order to get some more Second Class Guides. The Patrol Leaders and Seconds have had to work very hard so that they could teach their Patrol.

On February 22nd, "Thinking Day," the Company held the morning service. A patrol leader read the lesson, and a councillor (also a Guide) read the prayers.

On Sunday, February 26th, all the Girl Guides of North and South Stockport Division attended a "Thinking Day" service at St. George's Church, Stockport. The Guides marched to church from the Armoury, Stockport.

There is a Patrol Leaders' Training on March 17th, which some of us hope to attend.

WENDY JACKSON, Lower Vb,

Secretary to the Court of Honour.

### 5th CHEADLE GIRL GUIDE CAMP WHITSUNTIDE, 1950

At last, after much preparation, we were ready to board the five-ton lorry which was to take us to Hathersage. We arrived at the camp site at approximately four o'clock.



SENIOR HOUSE PREFECTS  
TRINITY TERM

*(Left to right)*

D. Percival (E), B. Taylor (H)  
A. Broadhurst (B) (Acting Head  
Boy)  
S. Thompton (M)  
M. Walker (E)  
I. Dunne (H)  
J. Boswell (B) (Acting Head  
Girl)  
M. Lowarch (M)

Guide Camp  
Whitsun, 1950



*(Left to right)* Miss Lawrie, J. Pollard, L. Duncan, P. Healy, G. Bailey,  
V. Bryden, C. Dennis, Miss Lawrie, H. Coulson, J. Bowker, M. Barnett,  
M. Davies, R. Scott, D. Wyld, B. Wood

The company had already been divided into four patrols, and we immediately set to work to do our allotted jobs. The 1st Swanick Hall Girl Guides arrived later in the evening, and they set to work to pitch their tents.

After breakfast on Saturday morning each patrol again set to work. We could not explore the countryside as it was too wet and windy.

Sunday morning arrived, and, as we were expecting visitors, we all carried out our allotted jobs with particular care. In the evening some of us went to church.

On Monday, we again prepared for more visitors.

We caught the 11.22 a.m. train to Edale on Tuesday morning, all equipped with a packed lunch. We enjoyed a pleasant climb over the hills to Castleton, and after lunch we visited the Blue John Caverns and Treak Caverns in the Treak Hills. It was soon time to return to Hathersage.

We were all disappointed that the 1st Swanwick Hall Girl Guides had to leave us on Wednesday as we had all been good friends.

Friday arrived far too quickly, and we scrambled into the lorry at 4.20 p.m. We had a wonderful week, and we should like to thank Mrs. Cocker, Miss Hullah, Miss Lawrie and Miss Lawrie's sister for giving us such a grand time.

WENDY JACKSON, Lower Vb.

### 8th CHEADLE SCOUT TROOP

The Troop has now completed a successful first year. It still contains all the original members, except that the four who composed the Hazel Grove Patrol found evening meetings too difficult, and either resigned or transferred to other troops. These stalwarts are now near to the First Class Badge and so hope to qualify as Senior Scouts, while younger Patrol Leaders take their places in the Junior Troop. We have now 37 on the books, of whom 25 have been invested and 13 are Second Class Scouts. The (Wilmslow) Hawk Patrol meets, with some others, on Wednesdays at 3.45 p.m., but the Troop as a whole meets on Fridays at 6.30 p.m.

The Troop was "at home" to parents on March 25th, its first birthday, when Mr. Williams, Chairman of the Group Committee, presented a Scout flag. Out of doors a tree was felled and a camp pitched; indoors were exhibitions of Morse, tracking, plaster casts, knots, hobbies, photographs, camping, basketwork, and other Scout activities. The evening ended with an enjoyable indoor camp fire.

Some of the Seniors are now preparing for their first proficiency badges and are fitting up patrol boxes. Future effort will be devoted to decorating and furnishing a headquarters at the back of the school.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Williams are both giving great help to the Troop, of which Mr. Lewis will be Scoutmaster. Patrol Leaders are I. Josiffe (Peewits), F. Galliford (Gannets), J. Grimes (Owls), R. Shortt (Curlews), and B. Howson (Hawks). R. Burgess is to act as Quartermaster.

### THE SCHOOL ELECTION

Although Moseley Hall has not been established very long, we, her members, are proud of her. We pride ourselves on the neat, well-tended gardens, the beautiful Elizabethan-style exterior of the school, and the originality which she inspires. Which other grammar school has six days to its time-table? Which has such a charmingly decorated interior? Which gives a cosier and more homely atmosphere than ours. And which has its own election?

Not many, I imagine!

I and all the other members of Moseley Hall felt rather out of the limelight when our parents received their communications from the respective political parties and their voting cards. It is understandable how we welcomed the prospect of being allowed to cast our own votes in an election.

When it was announced that we could have a school political election, great preparations for it were made. Moseley Hall Grammar School was converted into Moseley Hall Constituency. Candidates, poll clerks, and counting clerks were appointed.

Posters appeared in the lower corridor explaining just whom to vote for and why. From the lower corridor the posters spread to every nook and cranny of the school.

Although the ballot was supposed to be secret, one could hear the pupils airing their views about the various parties (and being chased angrily round the playground by a member of another party).

A notice board appeared outside the front door, bearing all the election information. It displayed the deposit cheques paid by the candidates. Our Tory candidate was the head prefect, Joan Boswell. Miss Boswell was very enthusiastic, and I think it was partly through this that her party were . . . but I must guard that secret.

The Labour candidate was a Fifth Former, Graham Carroll, and David Percival was the Liberal candidate. Although the Liberals did not win many seats in the outside election of the Commonwealth, the Liberal supporters in Moseley Hall Constituency had high hopes for their party.

Everyone in the school had a right to vote, but a certain group of boys in the second year were heard to say that girls ought not to be allowed to vote, as they did not know the first thing about politics. The girls have their own views on this subject, I imagine!

There were several political meetings held in the assembly hall during dinner breaks. From the dining room, one could hear loud cheers from the respective parties. The hecklers were kept busy.

and I feel sure that many long hours' work had gone to the producing of the many witty retorts which were supplied by them. The members of the school brought up all kinds of questions. The questions stumped the speaker more often than not.

Our physics master had a share in the political meetings by asking what the Labour party intended to do about the low rate of teachers' pay. The Labour people said they would raise the wages if they were elected—thus leaving a contented Mr. Owen. Although the debates were usually light-hearted, one day a danger threatened our peaceful shores. A Labour candidate had been thoroughly annoyed by a Tory who refused to accept the fact that Labour was the best party. The Labour supporter angrily declared that his party had been put into power at a time when Britain was in a turmoil, and that they had fed the population adequately; had repaired much war damage; had built many thousands of houses; and he finally enquired: "What more could any party do?"

This was greeted with thunderous cheers, and even the opposing party was shaken. However, the bell for afternoon school sounded and the pending trouble was overcome. Apart from the few main differences between the parties, the meetings provided a good entertainment, as well as being of educational value. On the other hand, if one was in the mood for an argument the political meetings were just the right places to visit.

The great day arrived! Dinner hour found a queue of excited pollers outside the booths. The pollers voted secretly, placed their ballot forms in the box, and all that was left to do was to wait patiently for the results.

It was Friday, the twenty-fourth day of February, when the news was proclaimed. At break the whole school gathered below the balcony in the front drive. After a few minutes the Returning Officer, the Headmaster, and the three candidates stepped on to the verandah.

"In the Moseley Hall Constituency, Conservative has been elected with one hundred and seventy-seven votes, against Liberals with seventy-seven votes, against Labour with seventy-four votes," announced Mrs. Millard, the Returning Officer.

Wild cheers rang out; the candidates acknowledged them gratefully in their respective speeches. The speeches were short and to the point. Miss Boswell said she was glad that the members of Moseley Hall had the intelligence to know which was the correct road for Britain. Mr. Carroll congratulated her and said that he hoped she would find the ability needed to govern a country. Finally, the defeated but undaunted Mr. Percival added a few words of congratulation to Miss Boswell.

So ended another episode in the history of Moseley Hall. It had passed successfully, and to us—the members of this school—was most important. In the years which lie ahead it will be looked upon as just a bygone event by the then-new members of the school, but it will always be a happy memory to us, and will be thought of with pride as the first election to be held in Moseley Hall.

GEORGINA HUNT, Upper 3.

### A VISIT TO THE LONDON ART GALLERIES

On Saturday, July 9th, at 8.30 in the morning, we left Stockport for London. As soon as we arrived in London we went by Underground to Trafalgar Square and then to the National Gallery, where pictures from the Alte Pinakothek in Munich were being shown. There were various paintings by artists, not so well known, and others by Botticelli, Perugino (who was Raphael's teacher), Memling, Rubens, and Titian. Many of the paintings were religious ones and some were portraits of the artist.

After a meal and a rest, we walked down Whitehall, past Scotland Yard and the Horse Guards. We saw Downing Street, which looked considerably smaller than we had expected it to be. Then we saw the Government buildings. We reached the Tate Gallery, Millbank, where art treasures from Vienna were exhibited. Amongst them were masterpieces by Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt, and armour, models, and clothing which had been made for important people.

We found that by seeing the paintings themselves instead of reproductions we could appreciate their beauty of colour more easily. Here also we found religious paintings and portraits. Some of the artists, Titian and Rubens, painted bold figures, while others, David and Velasquez, painted gentle scenes, although Titian, in his old age, painted "Nymph and Shepherd," a free representation.

From the Tate Gallery we crossed Lambeth Bridge and saw Lambeth Palace; then, after walking along the South Embankment, we went across Waterloo Bridge into Parliament Square. We went into St. James's Park and fed the ducks on the lake. Outside St. James's Palace we saw the Guards in their grand uniforms and busbies. After watching them for a time we walked into Piccadilly and to the Apollo Theatre, where we saw "The Happiest Days of Your Life," a school farce, which was extremely funny from beginning to end. It finished about 11 o'clock, so we went and watched the lights in Piccadilly, running up and down and flicking on and off. The night was lit up and we could see crowds of people watching; the steps round the statue of Eros were covered with people.

We left the lights, walked through Leicester Square, past the National Gallery and on to the Embankment, where we went as far as Blackfriars Bridge. Lights were reflected in the Thames from the Government buildings and others. All the river shone and shimmered in the heat. When we looked over towards St. Paul's,

we could just see its dome silhouetted against the stars and sky. As we passed a ship moored in the Thames, Miss Greenough pointed it out as the "Discovery," Scott's ship in which he had sailed to the Antarctic and which is now used as a training ship for cadets.

Finally, we went by Underground to Euston Station to catch the 12.40 a.m. train back to Stockport.

We were all very grateful to Miss Greenough and Mademoiselle Roubier for planning the trip and for using up one of their weekends for our pleasure.

VALERIE SANDERSON, Lower 5a.

## POEMS AND STORIES

### A VISIT TO FATHER CHRISTMAS

It was six o'clock on Christmas Eve, and Peter started to stroll across the field at the back of his uncle's house, where he lived. Peter had had no new toys for Christmas for the last three years, and he was quite sure that Father Christmas had forgotten him. Then he saw a robin sitting on the low branch of a tree, crying bitterly.

"Poor robin," said Peter, "do tell me what is the matter?"

"I have lost Father Christmas's note-book and he is so angry," said poor Robin, wiping a tear from his black, beady eyes with his wings. "Father Christmas writes down all the names and addresses of the boys and girls who want presents for Christmas, and without the book he will not know where to take them."

"What is the book like?" said Peter.

"It is brown, with a sprig of mistletoe and a bit of holly on the front. Only the mistletoe berries are real pearls and the holly berries real rubies."

"I know where it is," said Peter suddenly. "I found it floating on the pond the other day."

"Really?" said Robin, his eyes shining. "Will you go and get it for me, please, Peter?"

"Of course."

Off he ran to his house, and after five minutes he came back with the book.

"The trouble is," said Robin, "I have hurt my wing and cannot fly. How am I going to take it back to Father Christmas by eight o'clock?"

"I will take it to him if you will show me where to go."

"I will show you the way to Father Christmas Island," said Robin, "if you will carry me on your shoulder."

Robin showed Peter the way, and they walked along the lane until they came to a big river. In the middle of the river was Father Christmas Island, where Father Christmas lived.

"Can you row a boat?" Robin chirped in Peter's ear.

"Yes," said Peter, "but where is it?"

"Over there," said Robin. Sure enough, there was a little blue boat under a bush. Peter put the boat on the water and started to row across the river. Soon they arrived and they saw a forest of Christmas trees. Beyond the forest they came to some gardens and fields, where chocolate creams and caramels were growing.

Father Christmas was very pleased with Peter and kindly forgave Robin, whose wing soon healed. All the children's toys were delivered, and Peter always had an extra big present every Christmas afterwards.

ANN M. STEMP, 1C.

### THE WALLFLOWER

Once there lived a lady who wanted to marry a young lord. Her parents, however, did not agree, and shut the lady into the topmost room of a high castle and fed her on bread and water.

This lady was very beautiful, and had golden hair and brown eyes like velvet. She had a little rosy-cheeked maid who used to smuggle things up to her mistress.

One day this little maid smuggled up a whole pie! Just as she was going to cut a piece out of the pie the little maid started to giggle. "Lift up the crust, my lady, lift up the crust!" So she lifted up the crust and there, neatly folded up, was a silken rope and a letter!

This is what the letter said: "Tie this rope to the window bar and throw the other end down to me. Climb on to the window sill and slide down."

The lady clapped her hands, kissed the little maid and ate the pie crust, as she was very hungry. Then she tied the rope to the window sill and slipped down.

As she was half-way down the rope slipped. It had come untied at the top, and down she fell towards the rocks when Cupid, the god of love, touched her and turned her into a golden brown flower known as the "Wall Flower."

SUSAN SHAW, 1C.

### FIRE!

All was dark and still. The moon shone down, casting silvery patches of light on the ground. A tree which stood on its path looked black and mysterious, and its long, lean arms stretched out as if it was groping for anything which came within its reach. Hardly a breeze stirred on that hot night. No sound reached my ears as I leaned from my bedroom window trying to let some air into my suffocating room.

Then I stiffened. The smell of burning came faintly to my nostrils and the sound of crackling. A faint glow appeared from behind the shed at the bottom of the garden.



Then, as if a volcano had suddenly erupted, a burst of flame seemed to swallow the shed, and sheets of flame began to lick along the ground. I stood for a moment, petrified. Then I ran. I burst into my parents' room, tugged at the bedclothes, breathing hard, and shouted: "Fire!"

I ran into the garden, and there an amazing sight met my eyes. Tongues of flame leapt into the air—red, yellow, orange—dancing, leaping, twisting, twirling, round the shed, along the ground, tearing down bushes, shrubs, hedges, straining in their endeavour, so it seemed, to reach our house.

While my father 'phoned the fire station, my mother and I started work on the garden hose. In a few minutes the loud clanging of a fire engine rent the night air. When I looked up, hot and grimy, half the neighbourhood seemed to be in the garden or looking from their bedroom windows.

The firemen soon had the fire out, and I breathed thankfully as I saw that the house had not been touched. The neighbours went home, and the fire engine tore away through the night. My parents and I looked sorrowfully at the black, charred mess that was all that was left of our once beautiful garden. Then we gazed at our house, which stood upright and strong, and went inside.

PAT GAISFORD, Upper 3.

### THE SHEPDOG

Old Jock he was a sheepdog  
Who lived up on the hill,  
His master was the shepherd Bob,  
Who trained him with the greatest skill.  
His coat was soft and shaggy-haired,  
His eyes were sharp and very bright,  
He sought the sheep for whom he cared  
And brought them through the fading light.  
In wind and rain he roamed the fells,  
And never faltered in his quest,  
Seeking the flock 'midst rocks and dells  
Till safely penned and brought to rest.

BARBARA HATTON, 1C.

### A SUNLIT ROOM

The room was airy, lightfilled and warm. The colours of furniture and upholstery, rich colours, browns, golds and greens, suffused glowing bright and prismatic. The sun scintillated on the shining windows. It streamed in, showing the tiny dust motes following each other in rapid succession, and then spilled over on to the carpet, lending its radiance to the drab, worn material. The brass ornaments, mirrors, polished wood gleamed with a golden light. All seemed transformed and brought to life.

The room itself was glowing and golden, warm and bright, full of colour and still life. It instantly brought to my mind a stream which makes its leisured way between green banks, sunspecked and sparkling.

JEAN HOLLAND, Upper 3.

### DAWN

All is peaceful everywhere—  
Save for a distant train;  
The sea is free from care,  
Calm as a lonely plain.  
The dashing of waves on the rocks  
Faint and far away,  
The sound of distant crowing cocks,  
All echoing in the dawn of day.

*I was  
12 when  
I did  
this.*

KATHLEEN IRELAND, 1C.

### IN A WOOD

As we pushed our way through the fresh green wood the birds were chirping and the rabbits scampered away from the sides of the path into the fresh moss and ferns. We came upon a clearing full of young bracken.

The sun shone down from an azure sky, and the whole wood was alive to the merry sounds of the birds and animals.

P. R. GANT, 1C.

### NIGHT

Each night before I go to bed  
I open the windows wide,  
And feel the cool breeze on my face,  
The curtains rustle at my side.  
As over the narrow sill I lean  
I watch the stars go by  
And the crescent moon, like a silver boat,  
Sail through a velvet sky.

KATHLEEN WRIGHT, Lower Va.

### A STORM

The evening was sultry and the sky was overcast. The rain was falling steadily. Lightning flashed and thunder roared. The reflection of the lightning flashed on the windows of the houses. The sky became darker and the wind was fiercer. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed across the sky. Then suddenly all became quiet and still, and the storm passed over.

DOROTHY WRIGHT, Lower 2A.

## BOB

I say good-bye to good old Bob,  
His last breath in his breast,  
The poor dog lies upon the ground  
    To rest.  
But now I have another dog  
To round up all the sheep,  
But I often think of Bob,  
    Asleep.

B. SPILSBURY, Ic.

## THE MISER'S MISTAKE

A bowl of faded brown hawthorn blossom stood on the table. It had once looked very pretty and smelled very sweet, but that was a fortnight ago. Old Ebenezer Forsythe's granddaughter had gathered it from the tree. Old Ebenezer, commonly known as Scrooge, because of his miserly ways and love of money, was not superstitious. But, as he was a miser, he couldn't bear to throw the dead flowers away. All but one sprig was faded. He put this in his coat buttonhole. By this time the moon was shining down on him. He went into his garden to hide some of his money. As he bent down to put the box in the hole, something strange happened! He heard the beating of hooves, and a rushing wind broke the silence of the night. Then there was a bump, and all was silent.

He opened his eyes and found himself alone. Scrooge knew he was not on the earth, for instead of trees there were gigantic green ferns and the flowers were spiky and ugly in colour. The mountains were glassy and glittering with frost. He wondered where he was, and, as if in answer to his thoughts, a voice said: "Jupiter." He looked round, but the only visible living creature was a shining green lizard about ten feet long. "This way," it said, and went in the direction of a fascinating round building. The building was of moonstone and to-night it was in shining green. "Every night the palace of our beautiful queen is green, we hold a banquet in the great hall. Good-bye," it said, and disappeared into thin air. Scrooge was shaken by this, but decided to go to the palace.

He walked through a dark gateway to the entrance of the palace. On the door was a notice saying: "No mortals allowed." He ignored this, however, and crept through. Before him was a purple velvet curtain. He peeped through and saw a very long table at which were seated the strangest people he had ever seen. They had jet black hair, green eyes and very large ears. On their ankles were small wings. But at the far end a lady was sitting. She had slit-like green eyes and very long eyelashes. She was dressed in the most unusual clothes. Beside this lady, who was the queen, stood a jet black animal bearing some resemblance to a horse. The queen was fondling its ears and speaking to it softly. Then she caught sight of Scrooge. Her eyes

glittered and she said: "Bodyguards, seize him. He has disobeyed Shona's orders. Fleetfoot" [this to the horse] "take him to the edge of my planet on your back and tip him over. He wears a piece of the sacred blossom, and anyone wearing that is doomed." Fleetfoot immediately obeyed her, and in two strides was at the edge of the planet. Then he tipped Scrooge over.

Down and down he fell, into space, with the winds whistling mockingly round his ears. Ebenezer Forsythe hit the earth and was instantly killed.

He was lying in his own garden, the moon was still shining, and the hawthorn blossom lay by his hand, fresher than ever. It fell into the hole he had dug for his money, and instantly a hawthorn tree sprang up.

In the room of his little house, the dead blossom had come to life again and filled the air with a delicate perfume.

SHEILA ROSCOE, Upper III.

### BLUEBELLS

I went into the woods in May,  
The birds sang sweetly on the trees,  
The sun shone brightly all the day,  
And leaves were moving in the breeze.  
All down the bank I ran with glee  
To catch my ball that I let pass,  
And there, beneath the poplar tree,  
I saw the bluebells in the grass.  
In clusters thick on every side,  
They grew in spikes of clearest blue,  
I ran around and vainly tried  
To gather all; but left a few.

HELEN TEARE, 1C.

### THE SEASIDE TRAIN

Chuff, chuff, goes the train,  
Puffing out of the station;  
Chuff, chuff, it goes again,  
Getting more impatient,—  
Through the suburbs grey and dirty,  
Reaching speeds of over thirty,  
Into country green and sunny,  
Where the bees are making honey,  
Until at last we reach the sea,  
Blue and dazzling, bold and free,  
That is where I long to be.

A. HIRST, 1B.

## THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Margie was *The Farmer's Daughter*. One day her friend, Mrs. Miniver, told her that she had seen a wedding at the local church at which *The Bride Wore Boots*. *The Bells of St. Mary's* had been rung for the occasion, and the bride had been presented with a *Diamond Horseshoe*. After the wedding the *Well-Groomed Bride* and bridegroom had left for a *Holiday Camp* just outside *London Town*.

Margie, on hearing this, and being at *The Romantic Age*, decided that *Every Girl Should Be Married*. The next morning a stranger arrived at the farm, who declared himself to have been *A Yank At King Arthur's Court*. However Margie discovered that his real name was *Oliver Twist*. He spent a *Quiet Weekend* with Margie and her father. He told her that he had *Great Expectations* because he was going on *The Road To Rio* with a *Wicked Lady* named *Bedelia*. His other companions were *Nicholas Nickleby*, the *Superman*, and a *Third Man* whom Oliver did not yet know.

Margie tried to overcome the *Temptation* to tell Oliver that he had brought *Enchantment* to her life, but in vain. She made her *Confession*, and promised him that she would wait *Till The Clouds Roll By*, for him to return from Rio.

But, as the months went by Margie forgot her promise to Oliver, and became friendly with a man who was known as *Scott of the Antarctic*. She thrilled to hear his stirring tales of his many adventures.

But this friendship was not destined to last. A certain man, *The Late George Apley*, knew of her promise to *Oliver Twist*. He wrote to Oliver telling him of his fiancée's actions.

Oliver was very angry when he heard this, and came speedily back from Rio to avenge himself upon *Scott of the Antarctic*.

Margie told them both that she would marry the one who proved himself to be the braver of the two. To decide this the two men had a *Duel in the Sun*. They fought and fought until *Scott of the Antarctic* thrust his sword through Oliver's side, and so claimed Margie. But she was so upset at Oliver's death that she fled from the farm and became an *Outlaw* and she has never been heard of from that day to this.

GEORGINA HUNT, Upper 3.

## THE BEAR

The bear is called a "Plantigrade,"

Which means, to be quite candid,

That he's not only flat of foot

But also is flat-handed.

Although he always lives high up

Amid the mountains quiet,

He manages to get himself  
A pretty varied diet:  
His fish—fresh salmon from the streams,  
His meat—perhaps a bunny,  
Dessert—some roots and berries, while  
For candy he has honey.

ANNE FIRTH, Lower 2B.

### THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

The grandfather clock stands still in the hall,  
Next to the hatstand and close to the wall.  
He ticks and he tocks, and he sings out a chime,  
You've only to ask him, he'll tell you the time.  
In the morning he ticks "Hurry up! You'll be late,"  
And at night he reminds me it's quarter to eight.  
And if I am slow he lets out a boom,  
Then you should see me dash up to my room!  
But I'm not afraid, for he's really my friend,  
He knows I'll be there on time in the end.  
I hope that he'll always be there in the hall,  
Our grandfather clock so grand and so tall.

MARJORIE CLARE, 1C.

### I LIKE

I like the noise of a train as it rushes along to the Southern  
Coast.

I like the noise of the waves as they break into a froth of  
whiteness on a shingly beach.

I like the smell of grass in the early morning.

I like to wake up and hear the birds twittering their enchanting  
songs.

I like the buzzing of the bees as they fly from flower to flower.

I like the bells of a church ringing their sonorous tunes to the  
world.

I like to hear the water lapping against the quayside.

I like the noise of the big liners as they nose their way towards  
the open sea.

I like nearly everything.

C. McKENZIE, Lower 2B.

## END OF TERM

There is a perceptible easing of effort in school in the few days before closing on Friday afternoon. It is the last night for exchanging telephone numbers and addresses. Eight weeks' leisure is about to begin, and in their welcome imminence minds dare to admit the weariness of the everlasting sameness of lessons, day after day. Ears strain after the ceaseless noise and movement of school and classrooms.

The staff may also be affected. Discipline is less rigid. Desks and cloakrooms are hastily tidied and cleared; jackets, blazers, and coats are donned. There is some horseplay and much laughter, and then a teacher appears. Methodically she arranges her books, puts a pile of envelopes upon her desk, and calmly waits for the class to quieten.

The pupils have meanwhile sorted themselves into alphabetical order. When the bell for the final breaking-up has clanged, the form quickly file past the teacher, who gives each pupil a report. Some girls look smug, knowing that their reports will be good; others seem to hold the paper as though it were dynamite.

Only the staff are left to do the final clearing-up. All the children are hurrying home on foot, bicycle, or bus.

End of term! The holidays! No early to bed, nor early to rise!

PAMELA HEAP, Lower 3A.

## PUZZLES

### CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. What is neon?
2. Name for a number of leopards?
3. When do cuckoos usually arrive?
4. When do they leave?
5. Number of peacocks?
6. Number of game birds?
7. When was the first Dreadnought launched?
8. What is flotsam and jetsam?
9. What are the seven ages of man?
10. Number of swallows?

### RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in "fox," but not in "minx,"  
My second's in "grates," but not in "sinks,"  
My third is in "tin," but not in "can,"  
My fourth is in "elephant," but not in "man,"  
My fifth is in "orange," but not in "vine,"  
My whole is something which is very fine.

R. CHILVERS, 2B

## TRAVEL AND TRUE ADVENTURE

### TOM'S MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE

When Tom was on his holidays near Blackburn his father arranged for them to visit a coal mine. Tom naturally was very excited, and every spare moment he was trying to imagine what it would be like. Wouldn't his school friends be envious when he returned and told them all about it? Soon the day dawned. His mother packed some old dungarees and a boiler suit.

When they arrived at Bank Hall Colliery they were searched for matches, and Tom's father had to leave his lighter and collect it when he came up. Then they were each given a tin hat and a strong belt. Next they were lent a lamp which fastened to their tin hats and a battery which fastened to their belts. The exciting moment came when the party were shown to the lift. They were soon dropping like a stone—down, down, fifteen hundred feet. In a few moments they touched the bottom. The lift opened out into the foul air shaft.

Tom and his father were led up the road by the guide, and then turned left until they came to double wooden doors. The passages were all supported by props. On the floor lime dust was spread to prevent the coal dust catching fire. After walking along numerous roads (where in one place Tom saw a subterranean stream brown with iron) they came to the coal face, four feet wide. Here Tom saw the coal being hewn out by pneumatic drills. The coal was then loaded on to a conveyor belt. Here the air was very hot and foul. Later the party arrived at a road junction. They saw the conveyor belt (which had come from the coal face) loading up the trucks. Every hundred yards along it there was an emergency stop. The party went along numerous passages, seeing something new and interesting every moment. The sides of the roads were made of loose shale. This is made of the waste strata.

They then made their way back in the fresh air shaft to the lift. Soon they were soaring like a bird—up and up.

A little bit of geology was explained to Tom. The manager told him that the same seam was mined miles away at Doncaster. He was also shown a few fossils.

T. WILLIAMS, Form 1C.

### BRUGES

Before me stretched a broad, cobbled road, at the end of which I could see the main canal of the city—a tranquil solution of refuse. A small grey motor-boat was nearing its centre, churning up behind it a fountain of grey liquid which, after turning rose, gently cascaded down upon the placid, glass-like surface of the water.



On my left, the ancient belfry of Bruges rose in all its splendour, the myriads of tiny crystals composing its grey ligneous rock sparkling as the brilliance of the afternoon sunlight caught their minute edges, tinging them with rose.

Behind me another greasy street presented itself, the intense light making perfect silhouettes of the grey, rotten rooftops bordering the lane. In places, where the light overflowed, it spilled on to the shattered windows of the buildings, which, after separating its many colours, reflected spectrums upon the grey cobbles of the alley. Rose was the predominant colour. A fierce yellow ball—the life of the city—illuminating the deep blue of the sky, radiated a bright beam, flooding the square with pools of light and enveloping a nearby group of buildings with an inky blackness.

Perfect peace and serenity reigned over the dead city. Two silent Flemish children passed me, with a serious frown on both their faces.

A rumbling noise became audible, and, while its volume increased, a tram majestically moved round the corner I was facing, the polished steel sides of its five coaches shimmering like a mirror in the sunlight.

I was leaving this "Little Venice," described by the B.B.C. as "one of the loveliest cities in Europe," and, as my vision of Bruges slowly faded, I said farewell to the grey and rose of this mysterious Belgian centre.

A. GUBBAY, Upper 3.

### ALDERNEY IN THE CHANNEL ISLES

If you stand on the jetty in Alderney harbour the water seems to be many shades of blue. The deep, crystal water indicates deep, clear pools where you may find rare stones, fishes and shells. The shallower pools are the blue of the Mediterranean skies, and the shallowest ones are such delicate blues you can tell the colour of the shells and stones on the bottom.

The sand is silver in the sunlight and the green, slimy, wet seaweed is piled high upon the beach.

The cliffs are white, and stand out against the blues of the sea.

PAMELA BERTENSHAW, 1C.

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE OF ARNE

After visiting the Blue Pool at Wareham, in Dorset, we turned up a country lane, bordered on each side by wild moorland, and drove up to Arne.

When we got out of the car the first thing we noticed was the eerie silence. The village was in ruins; only the church remained standing.

We were told that Arne was used as a decoy during the war for the nearby cordite factory. One night, as enemy aircraft were passing over Arne, searchlights were switched on and the enemy dropped their bombs. Unfortunately, the people had not been warned in time, and they were all killed.

The flowers still bloom and the fruit trees still bear fruit. Climbing plants are growing up in the ruins of the houses. No birds sing in the trees, and voices echo.

The church is kept locked and is a memorial to the people who gave their lives to help their country.

HILARY CLAYTON, Lower Va.

### THE INSTALLATION OF A CANON AT CHESTER CATHEDRAL

The Rev. J. W. Wilkinson, Rector of Cheadle, had been honoured by the award of an honorary Canonry, into which he was installed on Tuesday, February 21st, 1950.

It was a great day for Mr. Wilkinson and the parish, and, as it was half-term, I was very pleased to be able to go; two coaches carried members of the parish to Chester for the ceremony, which took place at 4.15 p.m.

The Cathedral is of immense size, divided into smaller chapels, each used by different organisations, one of which is the Cheshire Regiment. The Cathedral was built in 1093, in the reign of William II, and many of the carvings and heavy oak beams show its ancient character. On the face of the old clock inside the Cathedral is this impressive inscription:—

“When as a child I laughed and wept, time crept,  
When as a youth I dreamed and talked, time walked,  
When I became a full-grown man, time ran,  
And later as I older grew, time flew.  
Soon I shall find while travelling on, time gone.  
Will Christ have saved my soul by then? Amen.”

After the first lesson, the ceremony of installation took place. With the Bishop seated on a chair in front of the Communion table and the new Canon kneeling in front of him, the Bishop's Mandate was read conferring the rights and privileges of the Canonry, followed by the Bishop's blessing. After the Blessing, Mr. Wilkinson was led in procession to the seat, the rights of which had just been conferred upon him. The closing anthem was then sung by the choir, the Benediction was pronounced, and the choir and clergy retired in procession to the vestry.

G. R. HARLOW, 2B.

## TWO CRITICS

### ON SOME PAINTINGS OF CONSTABLE

John Constable lived from 1776 to 1837. His father owned two windmills at East Bergholt and two water mills—one at Flatford and one at Dedham. It was at one of these mills that John Constable first began work—as a miller. In watching the sky, an essential duty of the wind-miller, he acquired a great knowledge of the formation of the clouds. This was later shown in the beautiful and impressive skies which he painted when he became a landscape artist. At the age of 18 he was allowed to follow his yearning to be an artist.

During his life he had countless successes, but the most famous of them all was probably "The Hay Wain." In this picture there is a stretch of water shadowed by trees and an ancient farmhouse at the left-hand side. It is balanced on the right by a lighter sky and meadow. The sky, however, gives grave signs of a thunderstorm. The hay wain in the centre is drawn by a pair of black carthorses which are almost thigh-deep in the water.

"Flatford Mill, on the River Stour" is a lighter picture altogether. The light blue river, flowing through a mill weir and past light red brick houses and trees in full leaf, suggests summer. The houses and the clump of trees by the water's edge across the river are in the far distance. The meadow, fringed with trees, and a stream, bordered with thick rushes, seem at first to have no company, but if one looks more closely there are people hurrying to and fro, making the picture alive to all who may see it.

While these two pictures are my second favourites, the one of which I shall never grow tired is that of "Salisbury Cathedral." The full light of a late summer's day is directly shining on this fine building, with its beautiful arches, towers, masonry and stained glass windows, topped by a magnificent spire towering high above as if to keep watch upon the cathedral below. It soars into a sky filled with the most wonderful clouds I have ever seen, which part every now and again to let the blue sky through. This supreme work is framed with green trees parted by a path on one side. A pool at which several cows drink is coloured green by a huge old tree which is bent at the top to complete the frame.

JENNIFER M. HAYNES, Upper 3.

"The Hay Wain."

"Flatford Mill, on the River Stour."

"Salisbury Cathedral."

### HAMLET

I went to the film with a doubt-filled mind. Would it live up to its reputation? For me it surpassed it.

"Hamlet," as Olivier announces, is the tragedy of a man who

could not make up his mind.

The first scene, which plunges right into the story without any preliminaries, was at the same time exciting and interesting. King Hamlet's ghost appears to Horatio and two sentries. Before it appears, the music gathers to a swirling, rushing crescendo and then is quiet. The ghost is vaguely seen clad in armour and swathed in mist. While the ghost is on the screen there is a noise like heart beats and this lends to the screen a strange uncanny flavour.

Sir Laurence Olivier as Hamlet, gives a fine performance. Every part, small or large, is acted with sincerity.

There are some good photographic effects and shots are taken at unusual angles. Many interior and exterior shots convey, excellently, the rugged grandeur of Elsinore. One which impressed me was of a great, black rock outlined against the sky, covered in mist, and thrashed by the surrounding sea.

The film was brought to a climax full of suspense and excitement. It was the duel scene in which Hamlet is fighting Laertes, who is armed with a poison-tipped rapier. At the end of the film Hamlet dies, but as a king.

Perhaps but for Hamlet's indecision there would have been no tragedy, but Olivier would never have had the chance of making such a fine film.

JEAN HOLLAND, Upper III.

## THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

### MOSELEY HALL GRAMMAR SCHOOL PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

At the General Meeting in February last, the following Officers were appointed:—

Mr. G. G. Jackson, *Hon. Treasurer*

Mr. D. Hemsall, *Hon. Secretary*

(one year)

*Committee:*

Mr. Verity, Mr. Barber, Mr. Wood, Mrs. Humphreys.

(two years)

*Staff:*

Mr. Clews, Mr. Curry.

Mr. C. A. Josiffe was again appointed Chairman at the first Committee Meeting in accordance with Rule 4.

Those who retire next year are Mrs. Massey, Mr. J. Hamlett, Mr. C. Taylor and Mr. C. A. Josiffe. Also the Secretary and Treasurer.

Two Socials were held at the School and both were very enjoyable. The first one had an attendance of 135 and the second 82. This last attendance was disappointing in view of the general request for a second social.

We have had the first of the Parents v. Scholars Cricket and Tennis matches. The Parents won the cricket by two runs. The Tennis was a new venture and although the Parents won, we can see some serious competition very soon in both spheres.

*Future Events.* Do not forget the Garden Party on 1st July and the return Cricket and Tennis matches on July 15th.

D. HEMPSALL, *Hon. Secretary.*

## SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES

"Can you answer these?"

- 1.—Neon is an inert gas present in the atmosphere.
  - 2.—A leap.
  - 3.—April.
  - 4.—July.
  - 5.—Muster.
  - 6.—A covey.
  - 7.—1900.
  - 8.—Jetsam is thrown overboard from a ship to lighten it. Flotsam is material which is found floating near the sea shore and can be kept after owning it for a year and a day.
  - 9.—Infant, school boy, lover, soldier, judge, elderly man, second childhood.
  - 10.—A flight.
- Riddle-me-ree = Otter.